

The Flagstaff Sun-Democrat.

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PROFESSIONAL.

D. R. J. BRANNEN, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon. Flagstaff, Arizona. Will respond promptly to all calls from any point on the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad. Office and drug store opposite the depot. Telephone: Store, 19; residence, 32.

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SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. O. U. W.—FLAGSTAFF LODGE, No. 13. Meets every Thursday night, in G. A. R. hall. Visiting Workmen are cordially invited. C. A. BUSH, M. W. LOUIS SPIERS, Recorder.

COURT COCONINO, I. O. F., No. 896. Meets every Friday evening in G. A. R. hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. DR. D. J. BRANNEN, C. R. LOUIS SPIERS, R. S.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE, NO. 7, F. & A. M. Regular meetings on the first Saturday night of each calendar month in Masonic Hall, Kilpatrick building. Sojourning brethren cordially invited. H. ANDERSON, Master. J. GUTHRIE SAVAGE, Secretary.

FOREST CAMP, NO. 1, WOODMEN of the World. Meets the first and third Mondays in each month, in the G. A. R. Hall. Visiting Sovereigns cordially welcome. T. S. BUNCH, Counselor Com. T. E. PELLHAM, Clerk.

G. A. R.—REGULAR MEETINGS OF Flagstaff Post, G. A. R., No. 4, Department of Arizona, will be held in G. A. R. hall on second and last Saturday in each month. E. R. JONES, Commander. E. H. CRESS, Post Adjutant.

I. O. O. F.—FLAGSTAFF LODGE, NO. 11. Meets every Friday evening in Masonic hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited. J. E. JONES, N. G. J. L. DOUGHERTY, Secretary.

MOUNTAIN LODGE, NO. 13, K. O. P. Meets every Wednesday night in their castle hall in G. A. R. hall. All visiting brothers invited to attend. W. A. MAYFLOWER, C. C. C. H. COBLE, K. of R. S.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CATHOLIC CHURCH, REV. F. DILLY. Pastor. On Sundays: Low Mass at 7:30 o'clock a. m.; High Mass at 10 a. m. Sunday School at 11 a. m. Evening services at 7:30 p. m. On week days: Mass at 7 a. m. On the second Sunday of each month, prayer meeting at 10 a. m.; Sunday School at 11 a. m. All cordially invited.

FIRST M. E. CHURCH, CORNER OF Church and Lareux Streets, C. P. Wilson, Pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sundays; Sunday school at 10 a. m. Oscar Gibson, Superintendent. Glass meetings at 12:15 p. m. Epworth League 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Everybody welcome.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. North San Francisco street, H. P. Corser, pastor. Sabbath services: Preaching 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.; Sunday school, 10 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. prayer meeting, 7:15 p. m. Mid-week conference and prayer, Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

ARIZONA CENTRAL BANK,

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PERIPATETIC DEAD BEAT.

A No. 1 Who Has Traveled Many Thousand Miles.

A No. 1 as he calls himself, reveling in the distinction of being the champion dead beat of the world arrived in the city yesterday afternoon, en route, as he says from Portland, Ore., to the City of Mexico, and from there to New York. While admitting that he is a tramp, in a sense, A No. 1 travels with coin of the realm in his pockets and pays for everything he gets save transportation, and therein lies his claim to notoriety. During the past eleven years he has traveled 375,000 miles, 95,000 of which have been by water. Every portion of the Globe has been visited, and like the Wandering Jew, A No. 1 never stops—he is forever on the move.

In appearance the champion dead beat is a rosy checked, bright eyed, compactly built youth of 22, neat in person and a glib talker. He claims to be of French descent, and to have parents residing in San Francisco. When but 11 years old he ran away from home one day and beat his way to Chicago and from there to New Orleans. At the latter city he shipped aboard a vessel which he deserted at Belize, British Honduras. From this point he claims to have made his way overland to Guatemala, thence to the City of Mexico, and finally back to the United States, a 1,200 mile trip.

By this time the nomadic spirit had been firmly established, and he continued his wanderings. In August, 1894, he established a record for beating his way across the continent, making the distance from New York to San Francisco in eleven days, six hours. He wears a badge given by the Police Gazette commemorative of the event. Asia, Africa, the islands of the Atlantic and Pacific, Europe and India, have all been visited. Although starting without education, A No. 1 now speaks and writes six languages. When traveling he wears overalls and blouse to protect his clothing, so that when he strikes a town he presents a neat appearance.

From this city he will go direct to El Paso, thence to Mexico and Vera Cruz, and by steamer to New York. His plans further than this are unsettled, and he will move on as circumstances indicate. A No. 1 claims to be in receipt of an allowance from his parents, and besides to make something by corresponding for newspapers. While proud of his distinction as a dead beat, he claims to pay all other bills, and merely travels because he can't help it—he must be continually on the go.—Los Angeles Herald.

More Than He Bargained For.

Jopkins had read somewhere that if a woman got hold of a newspaper with a clipping cut out of it, she would never rest until she had procured a complete paper and read the missing item. This struck Jopkins as a very shrewd and Machiavellian plan of exposing this wellknown weakness of lovely woman, and he resolved to put it into practice.

So that night, when he went home from the office, there ostentatiously protruded from his coat pocket the day's paper, from which he had neatly cut a paragraph referring to the rings of Jupiter, or some such matter.

He threw the paper to one side in a careless way, and after supper he noted with an unholy glee that Mrs. Jopkins had secured it and was running her eye over the bargain ads., working her way, after the manner of her sex, through the personals, marriage notes and back to the telegraph dispatches.

Presently Jopkins observed a sudden and suspicious frown overcast her face. She had come upon the hiatus made by the waggish penknife. Jopkins revelled with internal hilarity, but preserved an outward appearance of innocent unconsciousness.

"My dear," said Mrs. Jopkins, lay-

ing the paper gently aside, "I'm going to run over to Mrs. Hopkins' a minute. I won't be gone long."

She went over to the opposite neighbor's and while she was gone Jopkins had lots of fun. She came back presently and Jopkins noticed she carried another paper under her shawl. She went up stairs and Jopkins leaned back in his chair and smook all over with joy.

"Best joke I ever got off," he said to himself. "Won't she be sold when I tell her."

Mrs. Jopkins remained upstairs about twenty minutes, and when she came down she had on her hat and street dress and Jopkins felt his knees shake when he looked into her eye.

"Wh—where are you going?" he asked.

"Where am I going?" said his wife. "You want to know where I am going, you deceitful, diabolical, underhanded, depraved, villainous, brutal wicked, unprincipled, scandalous, abandoned monster! I'm going home to my father."

"Wha—what's the matter?" said Jopkins.

"Look at that!" said Mrs. Jopkins, thrusting the paper in his face. "Cut it out to hide it from me, did you? To think I ever married such a ruffian!" Jopkins looked where her finger pointed and read:

"After the performance of 'The Devil's Auction' last night, quite a recherche little supper was given to the leading actress by a few of their admirers. A prominent merchant whose name we withhold, is said to have cut up some high jinks on the occasion. We wonder if the estimable and charming wife knew of his whereabouts."

A cold shiver ran over Jopkins. He was innocent, but he neglected to read the other side of the clipping when he cut it out. He began to explain and the milkman says he was still at it when he called with his regular morning supply of chemicals.

As Mrs. Jopkins was seen a week later wearing an elegant new silk dress, to say nothing of a "dream of a bonnet," it is presumed that the matter was satisfactorily arranged.—Tid Bits.

Make the Most of Yourself.

It is the duty of every man to make the most of himself. Whatever his capacities may be, he is sure to find some place where he can be useful to himself and to others. But he cannot reach his highest usefulness without good health and he cannot have good health without pure blood. The blood circulates to every organ and tissue and when it is pure, rich and healthy it carries health to entire system, but if it is impure it scatters disease wherever it flows. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true blood purifier. It cures salt rheum, scrofula, catarrh, dyspepsia and rheumatism because these diseases have their origin in the blood.

For those who wish to learn of the happenings of the world, the newspapers of the present day are worth many times as much to the reader as they were forty years ago. Yet, in spite of their increase in size and costliness of news given, they are sold for a sum that would have been impossible then. In war times the greatest dailies were mainly four or six pages, and sold at from 3 to 5 cents. Now they run from eight to sixteen pages, and while 2 cents is the standard price many sell for 1. But there are still certain great newspapers in the world that have never lowered their prices. Chief of these is the London Times, the most influential daily paper in the world, whose subscription price is \$28 a year, single copies selling for 6 cents. In Paris the venerable Gallivan's Messenger costs subscribers \$20 a year and buyers 8 cents a copy. The most costly general newspaper in the United States is the Spanish daily, the Novedades, published in New York at 6 cents a copy.

VISITS HIS OWN GRAVE.

A Kansas Postmaster Who "Played Possum."

On July 16 the assisant postmaster-general appointed A. W. Hall postmaster at the village of Trading Post, this county, says a La Cygne (Kan.) correspondent in St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The only remarkable thing about this transaction is that, according to the war department records, Mr. Hall is dead and the government has discharged its obligations towards him by placing a tombstone over the place where he is supposed to be buried.

The town of Trading Post is within three miles of the Missouri state line. During the war Mr. Hall, then a young man, enlisted in the union army and saw considerable irregular service fighting the bushwhackers, who swarmed over the country and terrorized the inhabitants. One day a company of ten soldiers, of whom Hall was one, and an officer were detailed from a company of scouts to cross the state line and forage for provisions, the Kansas settlers having been pillaged until nothing was left. Hardly had they crossed the line before 100 bushwhackers swooped down upon and captured them. Without a moment's hesitation the captain of the guerrillas ordered their execution. They were taken to the summit of a large mound about a mile west of the line and shot down like dogs. Hall fell with the rest, shot through the head, but did not lose consciousness, and heard his executioners discuss the advisability of wasting another round of ammunition. Large numbers of union men were in the vicinity and the marauders made haste to recross the line and seek safety farther east.

Hall was found by friends, was taken care of and recovered, but was reported as killed to the war department. To this day he is known over the country as "Possum Hall." His dead comrade were buried about two miles from Trading Post, and a few years ago the government erected a slab to mark the graves, bearing Mr. Hall's name, in addition to those of the dead soldiers.

Thus it happens that if the postmaster so desires he can ride out and visit his own grave and read the record of his death.

Sisters Of Some Use After All.

To the business office of a newspaper the other morning came a small boy to buy papers. He was accompanied by his little sister, who wanted for him at the door. The boy had old papers which he wanted to exchange, but he had one more paper than the limit allowed, and the clerk refused to exchange that one. The boy did not protest against the decision, but proceeded to arrange his papers. The clerk, looking out, saw the little girl.

"Is that your sister?" he called to the boy.

"Yes," said the youngster.

"Well," said the clerk good naturedly, "I guess I'll exchange that extra paper for you."

The newsboy took the paper and started out of the door.

"Um," he said thoughtfully, "sisters are some good after all."

SPINAL weakness easily cured by Dr. Miles' Nerve Tonic.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Odd Items About Money.

Porcelain coins were for a long time current in Siam.

The London people are computed to spend \$6,000,000 daily.

The wealth of New York grows by \$100,000,000 every year.

The notes of the Bank of England cost about 1 cent each.

A silver coin is used in currency for twenty-seven years.

Standard gold contains 11-12 of fine metal and 1-12 of alloy.

Only 37 per cent of the gold in currency is of the proper weight.

The present coin is composed of 95 parts of copper, 4 of tin and 1 of zinc.

Leather money circulated in Russia so recently as the time of Peter the Great.

It is estimated that on an average each cent in circulation changes hands 11 times a week.

The amount of money actually in circulation in this country is estimated to be \$1,600,000.

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of gold is added to the world's stock every week.

At the last census a number of people described their religious faith on their census paper as dollars and cents.

On every quarter turned out the mint makes a profit of about 5 cents. On every ton of pennies produced there is a profit of over \$1,200.

The head of Liberty, which adorns the silver dollars, is a reproduction of the features of a beautiful young school teacher of Philadelphia.

The largest gold coin in existence is said to be the gold ingot of Annam, a flat, round piece, worth about \$325, the value being written across it in India ink.

In Fiji the coinage consists chiefly of whale's teeth, those of greater value being died red. The natives exchange twenty white teeth for one red one, as we change nickels for one dollar.

In some of the great department stores of Paris there is in operation for the convenience of customers a moving staircase in the shape of an endless leather belt transferring them from one story to another. It is called a transferring carpet. Endless belts of canvass have been used for some time for conveying packages from one part of a store to another.

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